

Holly Valance

"Playa 4 Life"

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intro: Master P (4-Tay)

Whatsup Franky J (You know how we do it Bad Boy)

You think they ready for this Master P and 4-Tay

hookup?

(I know they aint ready baby) Ya heard me

(Yeah, OGs) We gonna show them how Gs do it

(Rag Top and No Limit) How playas do it

(Pop that shit P)

verse 1: Master P

I started from the South, then I moved to the Bay

Got Gs and a house, got carrow and some hay

Them stalkers I be ballin

Fiends steady callin

Got 0s from Frisco, Texas, Dallas, to New Orleans

In the game I'm on top

No more runnin from the cops

CDs and cassettes in plastic bags just like rocks

Big S on my Lex

Million dollar checks

Hotels and president suites, Alize, weed, and Moet

In the game to make scrilla, fuck being famous

Independent Black-owned like Andy and Amos

chorus: Mater P

I'm a playa 4 life

A playa 4 life (uuggghh)

I'm a playa 4 life

verse 2: Rappin' 4-Tay

Two bona-fide P-L-A-Y-As

Master P and Rappin' 4-Tay

From New Orleans ballin' back up to the Bay

We keeps shakin' and breakin' these suckas

True playas dont fuck with bustas

Its No Limit baby, them West Coast Bad Boyz

Best to check our tabloids

Ballin like Palo, cant have no fake bitches on my squad

I'm Rappin 4-Tay aint never made me none, givin

Southside playas props

Got more hoes than Swiss cheese - Nigga please

Once I pop these Ps on em
And get to stackin these Gs on em - 360 degrees on
em
Rumblin and bubblin'
Done had enough of this so I'm strugglin'
Still roll with mobstaz, steak and lobsters, haters be
buggin
But they feelin me, I'm glistenin'
Hoes whistlin- this game so tight
Master P and Rappin' 4, playas for life

chorus: (4-Tay)(4x)
I'm a playa 4 life, a playa 4 life, a playa 4 life
(From the South to the West, playas keep your game
tight)

break: 4-Tay
Me and P from the 9-7 til the casket drop
No Limit and Rag Top
Keepin em sprung like research monkeys, ya know?
I'm a playa 4 life
G status equals cabbage
And about that Ra Ra?

verse 3:
I tried to tell you mothafuckers but ya- ya wouldnt listen
to me
Thought it wouldnt last, so take a blast
Best to get with me
Crazy, wanna knock me but cant stop me
Feds wanna lock me up
But I'ma keep stackin them presidents fool, ask me if I
give a fuck
Gangstas mob to this
Playas ride to this
Dedicated to them hustlas late night stackin up on
them grips
Gettin' cloudy-cloudy
Man, y'all so rowdy-rowdy
Much love to that playa Master P because he bout it-
bout it

chorus: Master P
(Bout it bout it)
Cuz we playas 4 life
Playas 4 life (4x)
Niggaz from the Bay and the South win right
Cuz we playas 4 life, playas 4 life
So when you run up on us playas, y'all haters think
twice
Cuz we playas 4 life, playas 4 life (uugghh)

outro:Master P
Nigga, playas 4 life, ya heard me?
Rappin' 4-Tay, Master P, big Franky J hookin it up baby
We signin off nigga, bout to jump on Delta nigga
Takin trips all around the dizorld, I mean the wizorld
nigga
Slangin that shit, cheddar cheese nigga
Even y'all haters buyin this shit nigga
Y'all gotta check it out nigga
Cuz we playas 4 life (uugghh)
No Limit and Rag Top, feel it!
Playas 4 life!

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